by drunken prophesies libels and dreames,
To set my brother *Clarence* and the King,
In deadly hate the one against the other,
And if King *Edward* be as True and iust
As I am subtile, false and treacherous:
This day should *Clarence* closely be mewd vp,
About a prophesie which sayes that G.
Of *Edwards* heires the murtherer shall be.
Diue thoughts downe to my soule, *Enter Clarence with*
Heere *Clarence* comes, *a Guard of men.*
Brother, good dayes, what meane this armed guard
That waits vpon your grace?

Cla. His maiesty tendring my persons safety, hath appointed
This conduct to conuey me to the Tower.

Glo. Vpon what cause?

Cla. Because my name is *George*,

Glo. Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours,
He should for that commit your god fathers:
O belike his maiesty hath some intent
That you shall be new christned in the tower,
But what is the matter *Clarence*, may I know?

Cla. Yea *Richard* when I doe know, for I protest
As yet I doe not, but as I can learne,
He harkens after prophesies and dreames,
And from the crosse-row pluckes the letter G,
And sayes a wizard told him that by G,
His issue disinherited should be,
And for my name of *George* begins with G,
It followes in his thought that I am he;
These as I learne and such like toyes as these,
Haue moued his highnesse to commit me now.

Glo. Why this it is when men are rulde by women,
Tis not the King that sends you to the Tower,
My Lady *Gray* his wife, *Clarence* tis she
That tempts him to this extreamity,
Was it not she and that good man of worship
Anthony Woodvile her brother there,
That made him send Lord *Hastings* to the tower,
From whence this present day he is deliuered?
We are not safe *Clarence*, we are not safe.

Cla

Cla. By heauen I thinke there is no
But the queenes kindred, and nighte
that truge betweene the King and
Heard you not what an humble sup
Lord *Hastings* was to her for his del

Glo. Humbly complayning to her
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his lib
Ile tell you what, I thinke it were
If we will keepe in fauour with the
To bee her men and were her liuery
The iealous ore-worne widdow and
Since that our brother dubd them G
Are mighty gossips in this monarch

Bro. I beseech your graces both to
His maiesty hath straightly giuen in
That no man shall haue priuate con
Of what degree soeuer with his bro

Glo. Euen so and please your worsh
You may partake of any thing wee
We speake no treason man, we say th
Is wise and vertuous and the noble
Well stroke in yeares, faire and nor
We say that *Shores* wife hath a pret
A chery lip a bonny eye, a passing
And that the Queenes kindred are m
How say you sir, can you deny all t

Bro. With this (My Lord) my selfe

Glo. Nought to do with Mistris Sh
He that doth nought with her excep
Were best he do it secretly alone,

Bro. What one my Lord?

Glo. Her husband knaue, wouldst t

Bro. I beseech your Grace to pardo
Your conference with the noble Duk

Cla. we know thy charge *Brokenbu*

Glo. We are the Queenes Abiects a
Brother farewell I will vnto the King
And whatsoeuer you will imploy m
Were it to call King *Edwards* widdo

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